

prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluckt over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne nest.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many farhome deepe I am in loue; but it cannot bee founded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

*Cel.* Or rather bottomelesse, that as fast as you poure affection in, in runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, concei'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And Ile sleepe.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.*

*Iaq.* Which is he that killed the Deare?

*Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Iaq.* Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no song Forrester for this purpose?

*Lord.* Yes Sir.

*Iaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

*Musicke, Song.*

*What shall he haue that kild the Deare?*

*His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:*

*Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;*

*Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,*

*It was a cresset ere thou wast borne,*

*Thy fathers father wore it,*

*And thy father bore it,*

*The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,*

*Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.*

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Ros.* How say you now, is it not past two a clock?

*Cel.* And heere much *Orlando*.

*Ros.* I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

*Enter Silvius.*

He hath eane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth To sleepe: looke who comes heere.

*Sil.* My errand is to you, faire youth, My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me giue you this:

I know not the contents, but as I guesse By the sterne brow, and waspish action,

Which she did vse, as she was writing of it, It beares an angry reuerse; pardon me, I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

*Ros.* Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all: Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners, She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will, Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt, Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well, This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents, *Phebe* did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a foole, And turn'd into the extremity of loue. I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand, A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands: She has a hufwiues hand, but that's no matter: I say she neuer did inuent this letter, This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boysterous and a cruell stile, A stile for challengers: why, she defies me, Like Turke to Christian: vvomens gentle braine Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention, Such Ethiop vvords, blacker in their effect Then in their countenance: vvill you heare the letter?

*Sil.* So please you, for I neuer heard it yet:

Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

*Ros.* She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant vvrites.

*Read.* Art thou god, to Shepheard turn'd?

That a maidens heart hath burn'd.

Can a vvoman raile thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* Read. Why, thy godhead laid a part,

Warst thou with a womans heart?

Did you euer heare such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,

That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorne of your bright eie

Hane power to raise such loue in mine,

Alacke, in me, what strange effect

Would they worke in milde aspect?

Whiles you chide me, I did loue,

How then might your praisers moue?

He that brings this loue to thee,

Little knowes this Loue in me:

And by him scale up thy minde,

Whether that thy youth and kinde

Will the faithfull offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,

Or else by him my loue denie,

And then Ile studie how to die.

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas poore Shepheard.

*Ros.* Doe you pittie him? No, he deserues no pittie: wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false straines vpon thee? not to be endured. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

*Exit Sil.*

*Enter Oliver.*

*Oliv.* Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands

A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees.

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame Left on your right hand, brings you to the place: But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe, There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then should I know you by description, Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire, Offemall fauour, and bestowes himselfe Like a ripe sister: the woman low And browner then her brother: are not you The owner of the house I did enquire for?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

*Oli.* *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,

Hefends this bloody napkin; are you he?

*Ros.* I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

*Oli.* Some of my shame, if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkercher was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you tell it.

*Oli.* When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,

He left a promise to returne againe

Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,

Loe what befell: he threw his eye aside,

And what vnder obiect did present it selfe

Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age

And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:

A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire

Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke

A Greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,

Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth: but sodainly

Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,

And with indented glides, did slip away

Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade

A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,

Lay cowering head on ground, with catlike watch

When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis

The royall disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:

This scene, *Orlando* did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,

And he did render him the most vnnaturall

That liu'd amongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so doe,

For well I know he was vnnaturall.

*Ros.* But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there

Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

*Oli.* Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:

But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,

And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,

Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:

Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling

From miserable slumber I awaked.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was't you he rescu'd?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?

*Oli.* 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conuerſion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But for the bloody napkin?

*Oli.* By and by:

When from the first to last bey

Teares our recountments had

As how I came into that Defe

I briefe, he led me to the gentle

Who gaue me fresh aray, and e

Committing me vnto my broth

Who led me instantly vnto his

There stript himselfe, and heere

The Lyonnesse had torne some

Which all this while had bled;

And cride in fainting vpon *Rosa*

Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound v

And after some small space, bein

He sent me hither, stranger as I

To tell this story, that you migh

His broken promise, and to giue

Died in this blood, vnto the Sh

That he in sport doth call his R

*Cel.* Why how now *Ganim*

*Oli.* Many will swoon when

*Cel.* There is more in it; Co

*Oli.* Looke, he recouers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home

*Cel.* Wee'll lead you thither

I pray you will you take him by

*Oli.* Be of good cheere you

You lacke a mans heart.

*Ros.* I doe so, I confesse it:

Ah, sirra, a body would thinke

ted, I pray you tell your brothe

ted: heigh-ho.

*Oli.* This was not counterfe

stimony in your complexion, tha

nest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure yo

*Oli.* Well then, take a good

be a man.

*Ros.* So I doe: but yfaith, I

man by right.

*Cel.* Come, you looke paler

homewards: good sir, goe with

*Oli.* That will I: for I must

How you excuse my brother, R

*Ros.* I shall deuise something

mend my counterfeiting to him

### Actus Quintus.

*Enter Clowne and*

*Clow.* We shall finde a time

tle *Awdrie*.

*Awd.* Faith the Priest was g

olde gentlemans saying.

*Clow.* A most wicked Sir *O*

*Mar-text.* But *Awdrie*, the

Forrest layes claime to you.

*Awd.* I, I know who 'tis: he

in the world: here comes the m

*Enter William*

*Clow.* It is meat and drinke to